Free Blowjobs from Superman

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Summary

"What the hell is that, anyway? 'Truth, justice, and the American way'? I'll bet it just means he blows the President every night." A newly-elected President Luthor certainly hopes so...

Notes

Written for the challenge at absolut_lex here; my prompt was President!Lex. Thanks so much to txtequilanights for the beta job and the hand-holding. *smooches*

“What the hell *is* that, anyway? ‘Truth, justice, and the American way’?” The ex-stock broker currently on the run from the law for embezzlement, who had happened to sit next to Lex at that club back in the Cayman Islands, had nursed his beer and snorted. “I’ll bet it just means he blows the President every night…”

There were a thousand answers to the question ‘Why did you, Lex Luthor, decide to run for President?’ but the fact that that one disenfranchised citizen’s caustic remark had been the immediate impetus was a secret that he’d very carefully kept to himself throughout his whirlwind campaign. And the panicked look on his face the first time Lois had asked him, tape recorder to his nose, had had her hounding him for *months* for the ‘real story.’ He’d barely escaped that one unscathed.

‘Free blowjobs from Superman’ wasn’t the *primary* reason he’d run, of course. There was that whole ‘Most Powerful Man on Earth’ bit, too. Not to mention the fact that he wouldn’t have to suffer through incompetents running the country just as long as *he* was the one in charge. And, oh yeah, his whole campaign platform.

But ‘free blowjobs from Superman’ just had a nice ring to it. It had become his mantra during the darker days of the campaign, like any time his father was mentioned or reports about his wild teen years resurfaced or, oh yeah, the fact that if you googled his name together with the phrase ‘death ray,’ over twenty million results popped up.

It was just soothing to say it to himself in the dark of the night, to remind himself why this was worth it, despite all the muckraking: ‘Free blowjobs from Superman, free blowjobs from Superman…’

It wasn’t even that he believed that the rumors were true, really. Certainly, it was a lovely image, and oddly in keeping with Superman’s blind devotion to all things patriotic. However, Lex was a rational man, and rationality insisted that today, on the day of his inauguration, it was in fact very unlikely that Clark Kent ‘disguised’ in blue spandex would drop by the Oval Office, get down on his knees, and finally do everything that Lex had dreamed of those succulent lips doing throughout his misspent twenties back in Smallville. Lex had allowed himself to indulge in the fantasy, of course; who could resist? But, deep down, he had been positive that something as simple as becoming the ruler of the free world wouldn’t be enough to bridge the rift between himself and his old friend.

Which was why he was so incredibly shocked when, as he poured himself his first toast of scotch to his success, a familiar 'whoosh' sounded at the window, followed by a very contrite cough.

It took every fiber of Luthorian control not to drop his glass to the floor. Or to come in his pants. And, really, wouldn't that be just perfect? 'Newly-Elected President Luthor Ejaculates Prematurely In Oval Office.' He could see the headlines now; Lois would have a field day…

"Superman." He turned, immaculate and elegant as he'd been trained to be, glass still firmly in his hand. He couldn't keep the smirk out of his voice at Clark's ridiculous alias, however; there were limits, even for him. "Come to join me in a drink?" He took a sip in preemptive strike against the objection already on Clark's lips.

"I don't drink."

God, Clark just never got any less sanctimonious, did he? "I remember," Lex agreed and took another long taste. He was going to need it before this conversation was through.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Clark insisted.

Oh, right. Because Clark was *Superman* now, and Lex was somehow supposed to not recognize him just because he'd put on a truly ridiculous set of long underwear. Lex should just *pretend* that he didn't know his own ex-best friend when he saw him.

There were times when the most idiotic thing about Clark's lies was the fact that he actually thought that people *believed* them. It had given Lex a headache even back in Smallville, trying to smile and nod along with Clark's superhuman leaps of illogic.

"To what do I owe the *honor*," and there was no *way* that word wasn't coming out snidely, "of this visit, then?"

Clark shuffled uncomfortably from foot to foot, wringing his cape between his hands and suddenly looking every bit the nervous teenager Lex had once known. "Umm…" he began hesitantly.

As enchanting as bumbling Clark had always been, Lex *really* didn't need the reminder, especially when, in his imagination, the *reason* behind the aforementioned bumbling would get him very laid.

Clark coughed, loudly. "This is so weird. But, here goes…" And then

he got down onto one knee before Lex.

Lex would've liked to have been able to say that he dealt with *that* turn of events with grace and poise. Or even just confused dignity. Anything, really, other that letting out what amounted to a startled squeal and stumbling backwards until he half-sat, half-fell onto the couch.

"What on earth do you think you're—?" His indignation returned before his motor control, it seemed.

Clark blushed a deep, flattering red. It matched his cape quite nicely, really. "I know this is an awkward situation, given…*y'know*…"

That I've fantasized about molesting you since you were fifteen? Somehow, Lex didn't think that was what Clark was getting at. He took a deep breath, steadied himself, and rose to his feet once again. After all, he was the President of the United States; it really was his obligation to look dignified. "What do you want, Superman?" he said, formal, polite, not even sarcastic this time. One point for him.

"Well, it's kind of a ritual." Clark self-consciously ran one hand through his hair and looked down at the carpet, where he still knelt over the presidential seal. "Whenever there's an inauguration, I fly by afterward, and…" He gesticulated vaguely.

"*And*?" Lex really shouldn't be getting overly hopeful right now. It simply wasn't presidential.

"Swear allegiance and stuff." Clark blushed again. "To, y'know, the country and the democratic process and—"

"Ah," Lex cut him off, perfectly cool on the outside as he tried to conceal his disappointment. "I understand."

The world's most awkward pause followed.

"You know, in light of our past history together, I'm willing to let you off—" Lex began.

"I swear to protect and defend you, and—" Clark began at the same time.

They both stopped mid-sentence, and another awkward pause ensued. Lex wondered if he had a recording of crickets chirping around somewhere.

Clark eventually offered him a sheepish, lopsided grin and shrugged. *Still* kneeling on the floor, dammit! Clearly, Clark had no idea what he did to Lex like that.

“I guess this is why you didn’t vote for me?” Lex joked lightly, going for another scotch.

“Well…” Clark began carefully. “There were a lot of other reasons, too.” And his hand reached out and caught Lex’s wrist before he could escape.

“I can well imagine.” Lex quirked a brow at where Clark’s huge hand trapped his own. “Is holding me against my will also part of this ceremony?”

Clark’s cheeks flushed all over again. And at least if Lex wasn’t acting very president-like, Clark wasn’t acting very Superman-like. They were even, then.

And then Clark breathed deeply and pulled lightly on Lex’s wrist so that Lex had no choice but to stand right in front of him. Blue-green eyes met his solidly, confidently now, and Clark announced fervently, “Alexander Luthor. I swear to protect and defend you, and to solemnly uphold the autonomy and authority of the presidency of the United States. I promise to help its people and—” He licked out his lips nervously, only the barest of pauses. “—To serve you, personally, in whatever manner you might need.”

Lex was pretty sure he let out a little whimper at that. Seeing Clark’s tongue instants before Clark promised to serve him – hell, that entire speech – was…*hot*.

Clark’s eyes flicked downwards, and there was no way he didn’t notice the bulge in Lex’s pants. And then the bastard had the nerve to lick his lips *again*. “That’s it,” Clark finally announced, voice sounding rather hoarse.

“How…quaint.” Lex’s voice wasn’t much more composed.

Clark still held Lex’s hand like he’d forgotten he had it. “Well,” he shrugged, “it was just this random thing I started doing when I began the superhero gig because, y’know, I kind of freaked out the government—”

“With just cause.”

"—And I wanted to make it clear that I was just trying to help people," Clark soldiered through before looking up at Lex so *earnestly* that he could almost believe that Clark was fifteen again, and he twenty-one.

"I know all of this, Clark," Lex offered smoothly, tugging lightly on his wrist. Clark didn't let go.

And, surprisingly, he didn't correct Lex on the use of his alter-ego's name. "That's the other thing, actually," Clark said slowly. "I'm supposed to tell you my secret identity. As, y'know, a national security issue. Although with you it seems kind of moot…"

Clark's words sent something deep – and, really, rather pathetic – inside Lex aflutter, and he paused for a moment so that he could reply *very* evenly. "You could always tell me anyway." He felt heady at the thought. The truth, from Clark's own lips. God, it was far too late and far too long, but *still*.

Clark cocked his head to one side, looking for all the world like an adorable puppy. "Mr. President," he said softly, "the name my adopted parents gave me when I crash-landed on Earth is Clark Kent. I live in Metropolis and work as a reporter at the Daily Planet and, in the event of a national or international crisis, you can reach me there, anytime."

The words were rote, recited from memory. They were also quite possibly the most beautiful words Lex had ever heard. Because, for some strange reason, hearing them from Clark made them *real*. There had always been that niggling voice in the back of his mind, ever since Belle Reve, that made him wonder whether he was just insane and hallucinating the whole thing.

"Thank you," Lex whispered. "That's good to know." And he meant it to sound trite and formulaic, but he must have failed because suddenly Clark was looking at him so *intently*.

"Lex?" Clark pulled him even *closer*, and if Lex didn't get away soon…

"Were you done, then?" he snapped, yanking more forcefully against Clark's grip. Of course, against Superman, his struggles were useless.

"I-I think maybe we should talk," Clark offered thoughtfully.

"You're down there, and talking is the best use of your mouth that you can think of?" And that was just *obscene*, but Lex had long ago learned

that the easiest way to push Clark away was to piss him off.

Sure enough, Clark's eyes narrowed for a moment. But then, contrary to all logic, his expression softened into a smile, a mischievous little grin that made his eyes sparkle. "There are rumors about that, you know," he offered confidentially. "I've got that whole patriotic Boy Scout rep, so hey! I must be blowing the President!"

Lex just gaped. Because Clark was just *joking* about sucking Lex's cock. Where was the fierce outrage? The shocked homophobia? The—?

And then Clark's other hand reached out and grabbed Lex's hip and pulled him – oh – so impossibly close. "I used to think about it, you know." He all but *fluttered* his eyelashes at Lex. "About you…"

"Oh, *God*!" There was simply no other response.

"Things could change now, Lex. You're the *President*. You could do incredible things…"

And *there* was that little voice Lex remembered, the one that always demanded more of him, always judged so that he could never live up to it. He'd known there was a reason he hated Superman; now he remembered why. "If you really think so, then why did you vote against me?" he retorted coldly. Clark still wouldn't let him move away, however.

"Can you blame me?" Clark snorted. "Your Superman killing policy isn't exactly in my best interest. But I've always believed in the best in you."

"No," Lex corrected. "You've always expected perfection. And reviled me when I was anything less."

Clark's jaw ticked, and it looked like he was about to get furious and argumentative, and then this would devolve into a screaming match with accusations flung back and forth all willy-nilly just like it always did. But then Clark took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and leaned in so that his cheek was resting against the long curve of Lex's erection through the soft wool of his pants. "You're not perfect now," he whispered. "Does this look revolted to you?"

There was no retort for something as overwhelming as that. Lex stared down at Clark, flabbergasted. "What on earth are you thinking?" he finally asked carefully, allowing the fingers of his free hand to curl into Clark's hair.

Clark sighed. “I’m thinking that this is a big change, you being President. And maybe it’s a good time for us to start over.”

“Start over?”

“You don’t have to sound so cynical all the time,” Clark huffed lightly, looking up into Lex’s eyes, his lips only inches from Lex’s cock. “We’re going to *have* to work together now. I don’t want to have to fight you all the time.”

“I see…” Lex considered this carefully.

“How did you want this to work?” Clark inquired, brow furrowed slightly.

Just get back to the crotch nuzzling; that was pretty much my motivation. “I suppose I didn’t really believe that anything would change.” That, at least, was honest. “You’ve always refused even the slightest hint of collaboration. Why should this be any different?”

“You’re the *President*, Lex.” The way Clark said the word, it sounded like it really meant something. So much so that, really, it was sacrilegious that Lex even held the office.

“And that suddenly makes me worth fighting for again?” Lex retorted with a sneer.

Clark let out a frustrated little sigh. “You’ve always been worth fighting for. It just wasn’t Superman’s job before…” He leaned in and pressed his lips, rather chastely actually, against Lex’s thigh. “I can’t afford not to try anymore. It’s probably too late. I’m sorry.”

And, of all things, he moved to get *up*.

Lex’s hand on his shoulder all but shoved him back down. Not that that would’ve done much good if Clark hadn’t been willing to go. “You were supposed to be my best friend,” he hissed. “You were supposed to love me. Those were the worst lies of all, Clark.”

“I never meant for them to be lies,” Clark promised and kissed Lex again, against the seam of his pants this time, right where Lex wanted him.

At the moment, that really had to be good enough. Because Lex didn’t want to debate any more; he just wanted *Clark*, after far too long. Maybe he hadn’t been so far off to think that it would take something

as drastic as becoming President to finally get him.

However many times they'd argued in the past, at least they saw eye-to-eye on *this*. Clark's eyes lowered, heavy-lidded, to Lex's zipper. Fingers so large they were almost clumsy unfastened the top button, and then the sound unzipping echoed throughout the still of the Oval Office.

"It's a good thing *I* didn't make any absurd promises about maintaining the dignity of the Oval Office," Lex breathed out, voice dark and husky.

"Mmm," Clark hummed against the damson silk of Lex's boxers.

Lex hissed, fingers clutching deeper into Clark's hair, digging into his scalp, as Clark's mouth caressed him through the fabric, wet and impossibly hot. "This doesn't change anything, you know." He fought to keep his voice level and in control.

Clark's hand snuck in and pulled him free of his boxers, and then Clark's lips pressed the sweetest, gentlest kiss to the tip of his erection. A shudder ran through Clark's body, like this was affecting him bone-deep, and then he wasn't holding back anymore, his eyes squeezed shut tight in rapture, his lips and fist wrapping around Lex's cock, licking and stroking and sucking *so hard*.

"Y-You think I'll forgive you now?" Lex's voice was starting to shake. "After all the times you lied to me a-and – oh, *God*! – betrayed me and left me *alone*?"

Clark's mouth twisted around his dick, lapping at it, tracing the thick vein on the underside with his tongue. His hand slid back and cupped Lex's balls, caressing them gently, then ever harder and…

"*Fuck*!" Lex cried out in ecstasy. "…You!" he hastily amended. "Fuck you so hard!"

"Yes," Clark whispered, the 'S' long and sibilant against the head of Lex's cock, before he sucked Lex in deep once more. Lex hit the back of Clark's throat, and then Clark *swallowed*, and Lex was all the way inside.

He clutched Clark's hair harder, fucking his mouth violently now, and Clark just moaned louder and louder around him. He squeezed his eyes shut tight against his impending orgasm but, in the end, the sight of Superman in full regalia with his lips wrapped tight around Lex's

dick was too tempting to pass up as he came. “I…” he cracked out, “*despise* you!”

And then the world ended and went black, sparks of Lex’s orgasm blowing him apart for moments that were both too short and endless. And, when he awoke again, he awoke into a new world, reborn, lying back on his couch, in *his* office, with Superman beside him, running gentle fingers up and down Lex’s cheek.

“I love you, too,” Clark whispered and pressed his lips against Lex’s for the very first time.

Lex couldn’t object, couldn’t do anything but pull Clark on top of him and around him, idiotic cape and all.

“You *are* a great man,” Clark insisted, brushing soft butterfly kisses all over Lex’s face. Each touch of hot lips chiseled away another part of the man he’d been and replaced him with something new and warm. It had been such a very long time since Lex had felt anything warm. “And you can be a good man, too. I know. I’ve seen it.”

Lex sighed. “What do you want from me?” And it wasn’t even a protest at this point. Lex knew he would give whatever Clark asked for, just like he always had. So much for his integrity of office…

“Do your best,” Clark whispered. “Do *good*.”

“And you’re good?” Lex cocked an eyebrow at him.

Clark grinned at the double-entendre. “Well, one form of good…”

“Hmm,” Lex pretended to consider. “I suppose that’s…compatible with my goals in office.”

Clark’s smile was dazzling, and he cupped Lex’s face with one big palm and kissed him hard and deep and quick, with tongue so Lex could taste his own come on Clark’s lips. And then, just as quickly, Clark pulled away and turned to rest his head in the crook of Lex’s shoulder. “Just what *are* your goals in office, anyway?” he wondered, sounding somewhat nervous.

“Why, free blowjobs from Superman, of course.”

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